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NO WONDER HE WAS FRIGHTENED OFF!



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AS TO THE MAN IN ARMOR.

"I 'd t'ink a soger 'd be ashamed ter be seen goin' aroun' togged up like dat."
 "Why?"
 "Why, it 'd look as if he was ascaired of his life of gittin' hurt."

HIS OBSERVATION.

"I have noticed, and very likely other people have observed it, too," remarked the Old Codger, when his loquacious and lachrymous visitor had sighed himself out, "that it is a characteristic of many men not to come to themselves till they have gone to everybody else, and worn out their welcome."

"We all have our troubles, but we are not all opera singers; and those of us who are not have no license to inflict our woes on other people. If we hold our peace we will hold the esteem of our fellow-men, but if we persist in telling our troubles we will soon have no friends left, while our troubles will be neither lessened nor lightened by telling. Then, let us either grin or bear it in silence, or get married and take unto ourselves somebody who will be obliged by law to listen to us."

TO WHAT IT MAY COME.

"May I ask to be considered a candidate for your hand?" he faltered, not forgetting the formal courtliness habitual with him.

The beautiful Gwendolyn Manhattanborough regarded him by no means unconcernedly.

"Are you Mr. Croker's candidate, or Mr. Platt's candidate, or merely the reform candidate?" she asked; and her earnestness was such that it could not be wholly affected.

TWO GREAT TRUTHS.

"The street-car company owes the public better service."

"That's so!"

"They ought to put camp-stools on all the corners for us to sit on until they come along."

"That's what!"



A BACHELOR can never understand why a three-months'-old baby can't be taught to sit up on its hind legs and beg.

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NOT ALWAYS.



DAWSON.—I tell you what, "Laugh and grow fat" is one of the truest axioms I know of. Humanity does n't laugh enough. What is more pleasant to the ears than the sound of a hearty laugh?



LAWSON (as DAWSON strikes a banana peel).—Oh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! O-O-O-O-h! Ha, ha! Ha! ha!



DAWSON (angrily, as he picks himself up).—What are you laughing at, you braying idiot? Funny is n't it? That's right; laugh, laugh, laugh! Any fool can do that! Don't speak to me in the future; I don't care to know laughing jackasses!



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HIS HOPE.

THE OSTRICH.—A lion's voice! However, he can't see me, and, may be, he'll go after the caddy!

THE ADVENTURERS.

NOT WITHOUT a flush of pride the bronzed and tired adventurer paused a moment in his narration to lay aside his revolvers and to readjust the priming of his rifle, and then proceeded:

"It was early in the morning that the Indians had stolen the girl, and I knew, as I looked at my watch and saw it was ten o'clock, that they had four hours the start. Nevertheless, our horses were in good condition, and Prairie Bill and myself felt that all was not yet lost. Springing into our saddles, we galloped madly off over the prairie, and for five long hours we rode at breakneck speed. Suddenly Prairie Bill stopped, and, pointing to the horizon, he muttered, hoarsely: 'There they are.'

We swerved at once to the right, and making a long circle of thirty miles, came upon the band just at dusk. Crawling on our hands and knees through the long grass, with our knives in our teeth, we crept up; and, then, without a word of warning, sprang upon them.

We were not a moment too soon. The maiden was even then bound to the stake, and in another moment the fagots would have been lighted. As I cut the cruel thongs she fell fainting on my arm. With my other hand I killed twenty redskins. These scalps attest our victory."

A burst of applause greeted this announcement.

"And now, little boy," said the adventurer's mother, "you must go to bed."

Tom Masson.

EXTRA HAZARDOUS.

JAGGLES.—He's the greatest living authority on rattlesnakes.

WAGGLES.—That is n't saying much; most of the authorities don't live long.

THE FLATTERER'S FULCRUM.

"Is Thompson susceptible to flattery?"

"Not unless you preface it by telling him you know he is n't."

IT IS not always possible to choose the lesser of two evils. Take the case of twins.

NATURAL INDIGNATION.

MISS IMPECUNE.—One can buy a coat-of-arms now for thirty dollars.

MISS PARVENU.—How scandalous!

Papa would never have given five hundred dollars for ours if he'd known they would have become so common.



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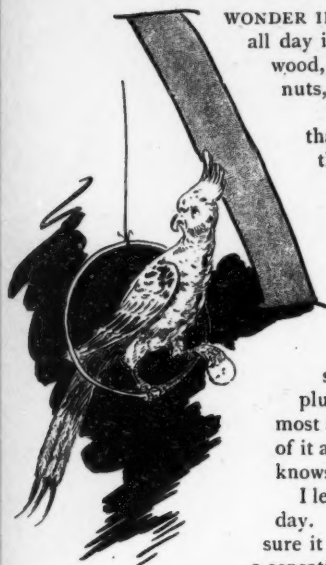
A FATAL ERROR.

PERCY.—I—I ran into a two-hundred-pound woman just below here, and—

ALGY.—And were thrown from your wheel?

PERCY.—N-No; b-but—I—I stopped to apologize!

THE COCKATOO'S CHEF D'OEUVRE.



WONDER IF people think it's fun for me to swing all day in a brass ring, or to roost on a piece of wood, preen myself and nibble crackers, peanuts, or whatever else they see fit to give me? Caw! Caw! Caw! It's outrageous; that's what it is, and I feel sometimes as though I'd like to screech my head off. I wonder what kind of a bird a man is, anyway? What's become of his feathers? And his wings? Caw! Caw! Instead of them he has a pair of arms as useless for flying as wings are for walking. Why was I ever captured and brought out of my native jungle? I'm beautiful, to be sure, with my yellow crest and glittering plumage, and I can talk and swear in a most admirable manner, but what's the good of it all? I'm disgusted, and I don't care who knows it.

I learned some beautiful language, the other day. I don't know what it means, but I'm sure it's particularly elegant. It causes quite a sensation whenever I reel it off. Let me see—what is it? I hear so much chatter that my memory is getting defective. Caw! Caw! Oh, yes; here it is! The devil and Tom Walker, the devil and Tom Walker, the devil and—Caw! Caw! Caw! Is n't that superb?

I learned it under strange circumstances. You see, the lady that owns me keeps me in a large room. The other night, after I had screeched until I was tired, I fell into a doze in this brass ring. I was suddenly aroused by a man climbing through a window. He carried a lantern that looked like a huge red eye. When he got inside, I cried out:

"How de do? How de do? How de do?"

Then the man said:

"The devil and Tom Walker!" and the eye winked out and the room was dark again.

It was very funny, and I leaned over against the side of my brass ring and laughed until I shook out a couple of feathers. "Caw! Caw! Caw!" I said; "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! Gi'me a cracker! Pretty Poll! Caw!"

Then the eye winked back again and looked right at me. The man laughed a little. "It's only the parrot," he muttered; "but it pretty nigh scared me out of a year's growth." After that, he began working at the other side of the room. Finally, he said: "No more currying horses for me!" and I heard something rattle as he put it into his pocket.

"Sic 'em, Tige!" I remarked. "How de do, Mama? Sic 'em, Tige!"

"Shut up!" said the man; and I screeched and hooted at him, and then fell asleep.

Next morning there was a commotion in the house. My mistress was wild. Her diamonds and jewelry had been stolen out of the little safe where she kept them. Pretty soon a man with brass buttons came in. He looked at the window, examined the safe, and nodded his head up and down and shook it back and forth, and screwed up his eye and did several other things that amused me.

"There's a hot time in the old town—a hot time, a hot time! Caw! Caw! Caw!" I ventured to suggest; but the man in brass buttons did n't seem to fall in with the idea.



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A CHARACTERISTIC.

THE PIG.—I presume that you either ride a bicycle or play base-ball?

THE COW.—What makes you think so?

THE PIG.—I notice that you are always chewing something.

He went away. After a time, another man came. He did n't wear any brass buttons, but he had eyes like a hawk. He looked at me until I got mad and hoisted myself up on my cross-bar and puffed myself out and strutted up and down. The man with the hawk's eyes came closer.

"A fine bird!" he said.

I laid my head on one side and glared at him as insultingly as I could.

"The devil and Tom Walker!" I screeched; "the devil and Tom Walker! Caw! Caw! Caw!"

"Naughty Poll!" put in my mistress. "That's something new. She never said that before. I can't imagine where she learned it."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," I replied; "dinner's ready, Mama; dinner's ready. The devil and Tom Walker! Shut up!"

The man turned to my mistress.

"We will examine your coachman, Madame," said he. "This burglary was committed by some one thoroughly familiar with the premises."

"But James has been in my employ for a long time," answered my mistress. "He would never do such a thing, I am sure of it."

"Nevertheless," replied the man, "send him in and let me talk with him."

The coachman was brought in.

"Have you any idea who committed the robbery?" asked the man with the hawk's eyes.

"How should I know, sir?" responded James.

"The robber was familiar with the premises. He got in through that window, cracked the safe and made off with the jewelry."

"Do you suspect me?" blustered James.



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A CHANCE.

HUSBAND.—I am going to join another club to-night.

WIFE.—I don't suppose I shall see you at all after this.

HUSBAND.—Oh, yes! They have a ladies' day.

"Well, if I do —"
 "The devil and Tom Walker, sir!" cried James. "I'm an honest man, and it is n't for the likes of you to insult me!"
 "Ha! ha! ha!" I laughed. Then I whistled,—it's an easy trick for a bird of my abilities. "No more currying horses for me! — Caw! Caw! The devil and Tom Walker! — Caw! Caw! Caw!"

James jumped as though he had been shot. The hawk's eyes of the other man glittered as he turned them upon me. Then he smiled; which is something a parrot can't do. I can laugh, but I can't smile.

"Madame," he said, addressing my mistress, "where was that parrot last night?"

"In this room," answered my mistress.

The man with the hawk's eyes immediately took something out of his pocket that rattled like iron and looked like a pair of bracelets.

"Don't make any disturbance, James," he said. "The parrot has given you away. Put out your hands!"

James swore, but so rapidly that I was n't able to catch the words, which I regret exceedingly. It's not always easy to pick up choice swear-words in polite society.

"Bow, wow, wow!" I barked. "A hot time! A hot time!"

"James," said my mistress, "if you really stole my diamonds give them back and I will not prosecute you."

James hesitated.

"It's a clear case, James," said the man with the bracelets. "Your mistress can send you over the road, if she wants to."

"They're out under the barn-floor," growled James.

"I'll go with you to get 'em," said the other man. "Next time you go grafting, look out for the parrot."

They all went away, then. In a little while my mistress came back and brought me a piece of plum-cake.

"Pretty Poll," she said; "what a wonder you are!"

I simply hoisted my yellow crest, puffed myself up and remarked:

"My gal's a high-born lady! Ha! ha! ha! The devil and Tom Walker! Caw! Caw! Caw!"

What it was all about I did n't know; but I got the cake, and that was enough.

William Wallace Cook.



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INTERESTED.

MRS. ISAACS.—Dot vos drue. Der sheriff has seized my husband's blace undt vill sell him outd.

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—So? I suppose dere vill be great pargains, ain't it?



A THREAT THAT WAS NOT ACTED UPON.

LADY.—What! Willy Green, *you* here fishing on Sunday? I shall tell your father just as soon as I see him.

WILLY GREEN.—Well, you won't have to wait long. Here he comes now. He has been back in the woods diggin' bait!

NEARER HOME.

MRS. HENNYPECK (*in the midst of her reading*).—I see that a man, over in Smallberg, has got into trouble by marrying three women.

MR. HENNYPECK (*under his breath*).—I know a man a good deal nearer home who got into trouble by marrying one woman.

HIS WAY.

IKENSTEIN.—Vat vould you do oaf Fortune vas to knocg at your door?

GRABBEHEIMER.—Pull her in undt sell her some-dings!

COMMENT.

CLARA.—There is a rumor that Miss Passay is engaged.

MAY.—Indeed? She has been a long time looking for a junior partner.

UNUSUAL.

HUSBAND.—I don't think that last cravat you got for me is quite up to the mark.

WIFE.—Why not?

HUSBAND.—No one has asked me yet if you bought it.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—V.

OUR OFFICIAL JOLLIER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

SUCCESSFUL AT LAST.

JAGWAY.—That was poor whiskey we had last night.

TOPERLY.—I should say so! I had to take three or four drinks before I could get the taste out of my mouth.

THERE ARE no marriages in heaven, and, since there is no time in eternity, probably no five-o'clocks, either.

WHERE CLOTHES make the woman, the woman who makes her own clothes is what is known as an impossible person.



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HER OPINION.

HE.—Yo' doan' keer for flowahs in flowah-pots? How am dat?
SHE.—Wal, dey reminds me ob de city folks;—dey doan' seem ter hab room ter live.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC.



WHEN OUR school-marm tells of dramars, oh! I love to hear her speak
Of karikturs, an' plots an' seens, dunnowmongs strong an' weak,
An' how the moderun dramar 'nt a little patch upon—

The plays what onct was ritten by the poyuts ded an' gone.
For, in the pawny days of Grease the theatur was grate,
An' the akturs did appear in masks an' holler'd about Fate,
Which dog'd their footsteps ev'rywhere an' did n't give them pease.
Unless some god abuv jump'd down an' gev their soles release.
But in England onct a dramatist, he did as good as they,
An' his dramar 's rekund puffikt by the people of to-day;
An' the folks they wepe an' tremble still before his wundrus seens,
An' his lawrils is as fresh to-day as Chrismus evergreens.
Which I wish I was an aktur to play Hamlek or Mack Beth,
Or the blackmoor what bro't about pore Desdymoner's deth,
Or Seezer, who did rool the world in spite o' hevin' fits,
Or Falstaf, who was oft profain, but very brite in wits.
An' I 'll studdy ellocushion, an' it dose n't tek much sense
To be an aktur, school-marm sez, if you can dance an' fense.
But what I wanted to explain was how I seen a show
Which 'nt so good as Shakspeer, but it is n't much below.
An' Sirynose the Beery Jack, or somethin' like, 's its name,
Which the hero is a Frenchman an', you bet, he 's awful game,
For he sticks his foman with his sword while mekin' poyutry,
An' he skeers a hun'red men so bad they do not stop but flea.
Which he luvs a maidun madly, but he won't to her propose,
'Coz he 's kinder dellicut about the longness of his nose;
An' another feller gets her 'coz his nose it is n't long;
But the maidun dose n't see his sole, an' so she chooses wrong.
An' then they go to fite the Dutch an' fire an' blaze away,
An' when all are kil'd the lady doth into a nunry stray.
But the hero still purrsoos her, tho' he will not tell his luv,
An' when a feller breks his hed, departs to relms abuv.
An' the lady in his dyun throws, she goes an' gesses all
An' upon his manly boozum with a wale of woe doth fall.
An' I like the show just splendud; but my Mar 'nt got no taste

For dramathics, an' the hero's nose, she sez, was stuck with paste.
An' she sniger'd in the solum seens till school-marm jab'd her side
An' hurt Mar's feelerins so bad she in her hanky cryd.
But the boarders mostly side wi' Mar an' think the nose is wrong,
'Coz outrajis noses properly to kommidy belong.

Robert Easton.

MORE THAN HE COULD STAND.

"Yes," said the party who was speaking of the oldest inhabitant;
"he was a hundred and four years old and apparently in good health just before he died."

"Went off suddenly, did he?"

"Rather. He heard of a man aged a hundred and six in the next county and the shock killed him."

HE FELT NERVOUS.

"I do hope," said the performing dog, "that I'm not making myself ridiculous. It is hard to believe that all the hilarity in the audience is caused by the ancient jokes of this clown!"



ACCUSTOMED TO IT.

"The minister," observed the church member, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "can take a vacation, but Satan never takes a vacation."

"True," replied the other church member; "but Satan can stand the heat a great deal better than the minister."

IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. MANHATTANBOROUGH.—Why, there 's a woman wearing a shawl!

MRS. BROOKLYNBOROUGH.—Yes; that 's Miss Newgirl. She 's dreadfully mannish!

PEOPLE who live in fire-proof buildings should n't throw sparks.



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HOW IT LOOKED.

MISS ANTIQUE.—He is insanely jealous of me!

MISS ROSEBUD.—Certainly! He must be crazy!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEWEY'S RETREAT. ADMIRAL DEWEY would rather be let to go quietly about his business. As his business for the next three months is to rest he has determined to keep off this excitable and over-hospitable shore. The decision tells as eloquently of his strategical skill as anything he did in Manila Bay. He was quick to sense the ordeal in store for him: the loud rivalry of dinner-givers and house-givers and hysterical men and women, and the yellow journals fighting with one another for the privilege of pasting their labels across his back. And so he will keep off until the thing has blown over a bit. We do slop over so! And so indiscriminately. Whether it's a stolen baby or a new *Juliet* or a returned war-hero, we must have our debauch of hysteria. Of one gallant man, who had the mischance to be young, we made a fool in short order. Now we have quite forgotten him, as is our way, and thirst for a new victim. Admiral Dewey is older and wiser and better balanced. PUCK wishes him a good Summer's rest and a full stock of strength against the storm that will rage about him even when he comes home next Fall.

THE PITH OF WAR. ARMIES AND ARMAMENTS are not the cause of the war spirit. They are its effects. To seek for peace through disarmament, therefore, is to begin at the wrong end. It is an error like the one our temperance societies make when they seek to establish sobriety by abolishing saloons. The saloon will thrive until men learn sobriety, and there will be armies until nations learn to settle their quarrels in a way better than by fighting. Such a time may come, but it is by no means just around the corner. Any sane scheme of peace must begin with the war spirit and not with the mere

tools of war. The polite and well-informed gentlemen at The Hague have gone promptly to the pith of the matter by talking arbitration chiefly. The other talk about "humane" bullets is only a poor, grim joke. The arbitration talk will probably not be altogether barren. That it should be at all is significant of a trace of good will among nations and of a growing conviction that war is imperfect economy and imperfect morals. Arbitration talk will promote this sentiment; and in the degree that this sentiment grows, and only in that degree, will the sword be beaten into a ploughshare and the rifle-barrel into bicycle tubing.

TRUSTS AND THE TARIFF.

"THE TARIFF," says the amateur political economist, "is to blame for building up these Trusts!" If he be a Free Trader he adds it to the long catalogue of the tariff's crimes. If he be a Protectionist he regards it as a spot on the sun. As one of the former class PUCK delights in anything that brings Protection into disrepute; and he notes, with much encouragement, that some very orthodox Republican newspapers are already saying that such articles as the Trusts produce or handle should be put forthwith on the free-list. Yet he would like to ask these critics why it is any wickedness for a Trust to rob the people by a protective tariff than it would be for the individuals composing the Trust to do the same thing in their individual capacities? For his part he would rather be robbed of little than of much. The beneficiaries of the tariff rob the consumer to the extent of their protection, whether they are individuals or Trusts; but the Trusts, by superior management and methods, will sell him their goods at a lower price and so rob him of less.

The steel-rail Trust, for example, is protected by 50 per cent. duty; the tobacco Trust by 130 per cent.; the leather Trust by 35 per cent.; the paper Trust by 20 per cent.; the rubber Trust by 25 per cent.; the window-glass Trust by 130 per cent.; and the shoe Trust by 25 per cent. Now, suppose each of these Trusts to be resolved into its original elements: the individual manufacturer would continue to rob the consumer to the extent of his protective duty; and, since it is notorious that individual manufacturers can not produce so cheaply as when they are combined, the consumer would have to pay an additional price as a result of the Trust's disintegration. In other words, Protection is not an especial iniquity in the case of the Trust. It is just a plain iniquity, whether twenty men practice it as individuals or as a corporation. Nothing can be said against Protection for Trusts that does not lie with equal force against Protection for one manufacturer. The Trust will stay; it is as natural a growth, in principle, as this solid earth was out of its nebulae. The tariff is an abomination of artifice and must go; for we are learning that what we need is, as John Randolph of Roanoke irreverently put it, "Protection from home manufacturers." If the Trust is forcing even Protectionists to see this, PUCK takes off his hat to it once more.

A SUMMER OUTING.



"HALL WE go to the shore, where the soft wind blows,
And the ships sail in from afar?
Where the bored men doze, and the women prose,
And the wearisome children are?—
To the sea shall we fare?" "Oh! don't let us go there!"

"Shall we stay our feet at some healing springs,
Where the water is worse than salts,
And gaze at the dresses and hats and things
That gossip and flirt and waltz?
Shall we start, sweet wife?" "Oh! not on your life!"

"Shall we journey, then, to the mountain heights,
Where youth goes leaping the rocks?
And the active climbers, with all their nights,
Flourish their alpine-stocks?
To the hills shall we go?" "Oh! for pity's sake—No!"

Then the man and his wife their blinds pulled down
And rolled up each rug and mat—
And quietly, cozily staid in town
In their cool, little West-side flat;
And that "outing" at home was a regular "pome!"

Madeline S. Bridges.

HIS GROWL.

FARMER HORNBEAK (*sourly*).—I don't weigh over a hundred an' fifty pounds, but them city relatives of our'n evidently consider me the fat of the land.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—What makes ye say that, Ezzy?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Look how anxious they are to come out here an' live on me!

THE CHIEF objection to dumb luck is that it is apt to recover its speech and make people tired by boasting of itself.

A FULL HOUSE.

Order, we learn in our copy-book, is
The very first law of the heavens;
Yet often a poker hand 's found to be best
When wholly at sixes and sevens.



HIS OPINION.

THE BOOKKEEPER.—I tried to get off, but I could n't. I told the old man I wanted to play a game of golf—

FRIEND.—What did he say?

THE BOOKKEEPER.—He said I would n't miss much.

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FUTILITY.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK.



THE THEATRE NUDGER.



AN EVENING with the Theatre Nudger results in soreness of spirit and ribs. It turns the brightest comedy into tragedy, and shakes one's faith in one's kind. It means three hours' acute torture and as many months retrospective profanity; but it has its one advantage. A Theatre Nudger has been unmasked to you and you have been learned to look out for others.

The Theatre Nudger begins to wind you in his toils by an invitation to dinner. You recollect that he always seemed a very decent sort of fellow, although at times you have thought him a little effervescent. He says nothing about taking you to the theatre afterwards, and if he does it only impresses you as the more generous of him. This before you know he is a Theatre Nudger.

He begins to get up steam over his wine at dinner, and shakes two tickets at you as a preliminary.

"We're fixed all right, you see," he says; "F, 5 & 3. There is a post just beyond on that row; but I was onto the fact and the ticket man could n't bluff me. I've been to this show eight times now and ought to know where to sit. Seen it yet?"

When he finds that you have seen it, he devotes the rest of dinner time to convincing you that it has improved immensely since you were there, and that there are some thirty fine points you overlooked at the time. He finally reduces you to feeling that perhaps you did n't see it at all, or else kept your eyes closed all the time. Then he begins to tell you all about it at the point where he would begin if you told him you had n't seen it. Thus it saves time and humiliation to say that you are totally ignorant of the piece, after the oysters.

By the time you get to the theatre lobby you have acquired a mass of valuable and picturesque information imparted as



THE DIFFERENCE.

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"Don't you consider it a rather peculiar way of dealing out justice," asked the critically-inclined tourist, "for the 'Squire to fine a man fifteen dollars for beating his mule and another man only a dollar for whipping his wife?"

"Wa-al, I don't know," replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Arkansaw. "You see, a mule is worth about sixty dollars, while a woman that would live with a man that would whip her ain't worth a damn!"

follows: "Bill Kelly who does the Irishman, is great! You want to watch him step on the cat in the last act. I'll tell you when it's coming." "That Man Weakly is the whole show in himself! Say, but he is funny! He says any old thing that comes into his head. You must n't take your eyes off him, or you'll miss his funny elbow motions." "I tell you, old Waffles is all right! You can't beat him on good, keen work. Ever noticed his feet? I'll put you on when he does his best stunt. It's near the end of the first act." Thus does the Theatre Nudger outline the performance and indicate the points at which your perception is to be quickened by his experienced elbow.

When the curtain rises you are in a serious state of mis-giving; but as nothing but a violent fit of sickness can free you now, you settle back with a vague sense of dread. Then the Theatre Nudger begins. His exercise of voice and elbow continues steadily until the play is over. Even the ordained intermissions are not sacred to him. He talks and nudges right through them, in spite of the drinks with which you strive to stop his mouth. You will find that these rather refresh and strengthen his powers and afford you relief only for the space of short sips. They also cost money.

The Theatre Nudger begins his monologue by disclosing the identity of every occupant of the stage. This includes a full description of their costume and personal or professional peculiarities, together with striking anecdotes of their Broadway life. He then follows the course of action in the piece, reciting the jokes just long enough before they are cracked to spoil and make them unintelligible, and announcing the movements of any and all of the company some seconds before they take place. Each actor is alluded to by his Christian or nickname, and you are made to feel that your favored companion is a warm and personal friend of every member, scene-shifter and property man in the company. You are also made to feel his elbow at all points in his sotto voice discourse and the displeasure of an outraged circle of surrounding audience.

At last it is over, and you leave the rack with your tormentor, who whistles the most catchy airs to an appreciative audience of cabmen while you are praying the fate that got you into this fix to suffer that no friend meet you thus accompanied.

It is a good thing to have a deep black-book in which you inscribe an account of such evenings, and where you record as forever to be deprived of your society the ubiquitous Theatre Nudger.

Larkin G. Mead.



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A JACK-POT SEANCE.

WIFE (*acidulously*).—I suppose you were sitting up last night with a sick friend?

HUSBAND.—Yes; he was the sickest man I ever saw. I even had to lend him his car-fare home!



ABDUL BISHMALLAH'S SCHEME.

"Swat it again, Caliph! Never again will I incur the Sultana's anger by refusing to beat the rugs."

AT THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

"Is n't it magnificent!" exclaimed the enthusiastic boarder. "I've always wanted to see a storm in the mountains. You remember Byron's lines, of course?"

*'From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.'*

"It sort of worries me," replied the other party. "Why? Are you afraid of lightning?"

"Rather. I'm afraid the landlord may charge for this storm in his bill."

IN KANSAS.

FIRST FARMER. — I know you used to say that religion an' politics should never be mixed.

SECOND FARMER. — Yes; an' I've come to the conclusion that farmin' an' politics should never be mixed.

THE BRAGGARTS.

Yes, all the world's a stage,
We see that near and far;
And too many of the folks
Their own press agents are.

A WIDE GULF.

"You'd better take some whiskey with you if you are going into Maine. It's a prohibition state."

"Does that make any difference?"
"It does in the whiskey."

AURICULAR.

"Her beauty is the purely intellectual type, is n't it?"

"Yes; — one that is heard, but not seen."

RESTRICTED.

Conventionality doth hedge
A woman with its shams;
So, when she slips o'er temper's
ledge,
She slams instead of damns.

HIS ANSWER.

DAISY MEDDERS (*sentimentally*).
— Tell me, Abner, why do you love me so much?

ABNER APPLIEDRY (*practically*).
— Darned if I know!

AS THE Mazet Committee is trying to show us, Peace hath her investigations no less renowned than War.

ABOUT ALL that can be certainly predicted of truth is that it ought to win, on form.

DIABOLICAL REVENGE.

FIRST SQUAWVILLE CITIZEN. — That's what I call a pretty low-down way of "rubbing it in," — that idee of the *Blizzard* editor in goin' before the Grand Jury last week.

SECOND SQUAWVILLE CITIZEN. — Why, what was his object?

"Well, you know the editor of the *Cyclone*, who's been gettin' all the county printin', was a candidate for the Legislatur' at the election a few weeks ago, and may be you've heard that he got only two votes."

"Yes."

"Well, the editor of the *Blizzard*'s been tryin' his darndest to have him indicted fer repeatin'."

SHOULD SAW WOOD.

"He'll never be a good politician," said the leader, in confidence, of a young aspirant.

"Why not?"

"He wastes too much time talking politics."

AFTER THE MEETING.

FIRST FARMER. — I don't take no stock in what he says at all.

SECOND FARMER. — Why not?

FIRST FARMER. — Why, he kin prove it by statistics.

SOME PEOPLE find it hard that they can't take their riches with them when they die; others, that they can't take their kodaks.



AN EXCEPTION.

MOTHER (*hearing ETHEL say her prayers*). — And let us all live to a good old age —

ETHEL. — I'll not pray for Aunty to live to a old age.

MOTHER (*astounded*). — Why?

ETHEL. — 'Cause she's ashamed of her age now.

Every Sportsman.

can have his favorite bottle with him always by ordering a supply of

Evans' Ale

and rest content that nothing can then disturb his pleasure.

The only ale always ready for use, and the only ale entirely free from sediment.

Always the same mappy, frothy, mellow, sparkling, good old EVANS' ALE wherever you get it.



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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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212 State St., Chicago.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN
OF THIS YEARS AGO"

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EAU DE
QUININE**

PRESERVES THE HAIR
CLEANSES THE SCALP
AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF
"FOR SALE EVERYWHERE"

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A FRIED egg ages more rapidly in looks than anything else we know of. An egg fried in the morning, looks a thousand years old by night.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE COOK.—Who's that sawed-off fellow I saw in the hall, just now?

THE BUTLER.—That's the master's barber.

THE COOK.—What! That little shaver?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

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New York SOHMER BUILDING
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IDENTIFICATION IN
NEW YORK.

"I," said the politician, "am a Democrat!"

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I have heard that remark before. Would you mind letting me look at your price-per-plate tag?" — *Washington Star*.

ABOUT RIGHT.

"That Englishman said the American parlor was the funniest thing he had seen in this country."

"Why so?"

"Well, he said we have dental parlors, ice-cream parlors and shaving parlors." — *Detroit Free Press*.

BILL.—They have n't any L road in London, have they?

JILL.—Gracious! No! Just think how an L would sound in a place where they use their H's so recklessly! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

WITH a man of fifty the raffle is over, and he knows he has n't won anything. But a young man of nineteen or twenty is just shaking the box for his first throw.—*Atchison Globe*.

GONE UP.

"Everything seems ever so much cheaper lately than it used to be," remarked the economical citizen.

"I can't agree with you," answered Senator Sorghum, regretfully. "I guess you have n't had occasion to price any legislatures recently." — *Washington Star*.

If a girl sings such songs as "Under the Daisies," "Looking Down from Heaven's Gate," etc., don't make love to her. In case of disappointment, she is the kind of a girl who would pine.—*Atchison Globe*.

There is at least one real Angostura Bitters—*Dr. Siegert's*—and no other stomach bitters "just as good." Avoid substitutes.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
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EVERY woman who has a number of babies, and does her own housework, sniffs at the men who are demanding an eight-hour day. — *Atchison Globe*.

A GOLF BAWL — "Fore!" — *Yale Record*.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

cure bilious and nervous ills,
sick headache, disordered
liver and impaired digestion.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

THIS is the weather that makes the garden "sassy." — *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

THERE are many ways of drowning sorrow, but the same mixtures will resuscitate it. — *Adams Freeman*.



ECONOMY OF SPACE.

Walldin has a large family and a small flat; but, when it comes to dressing, they never have to await turns for the looking-glass.

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The best and most reliable timekeepers made in this country or in any other.

The "Riverside" (trade-mark) movement is jeweled throughout with rubies and sapphires.

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THE girl to be envied is the left-handed girl with an engagement ring. — *Adams Freeman*.

Mr. CRIMSONBEAK.—Longfellow s. id that in this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—Oh! I don't know. How about the bellows? — *Yonkers Statesman*.

CROKER had a carbuncle removed from the back of his neck the other day. Quay also had a heavy weight removed from his mind last week. — *Norristown Herald*.

BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

are clean—all through. They are made of clean material and in a clean manner. There is no feature of the process of making them that would not please the most fastidious smoker. Perhaps you have thought that all so-called "little cigars" were alike because they look alike. There is a great difference, however, in favor of "Acts." Send 50c. in stamps and let us send you 50 to try; you will like them, and they will save in cigars what they cost five times over.

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MARTINI, WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

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COLD TO BE GOOD; TO
SERVE IN PERFECT
CONDITION, POUR
OVER CRACKED ICE,
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR
AND STRAIN OFF.

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59 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN.,
AND 21, FETTER LANE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

BACON.—I see that suicides in Italy have increased fifty per cent. during the past ten years.

EGBERT.—That seems strange, when you consider the great number of organ grinders they have got rid of.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Cool Colorado

Colorado in summer is the most delightful place on earth. Its climate is simply incomparable, while its magnificent mountain scenery is said to excel the Swiss Alps.

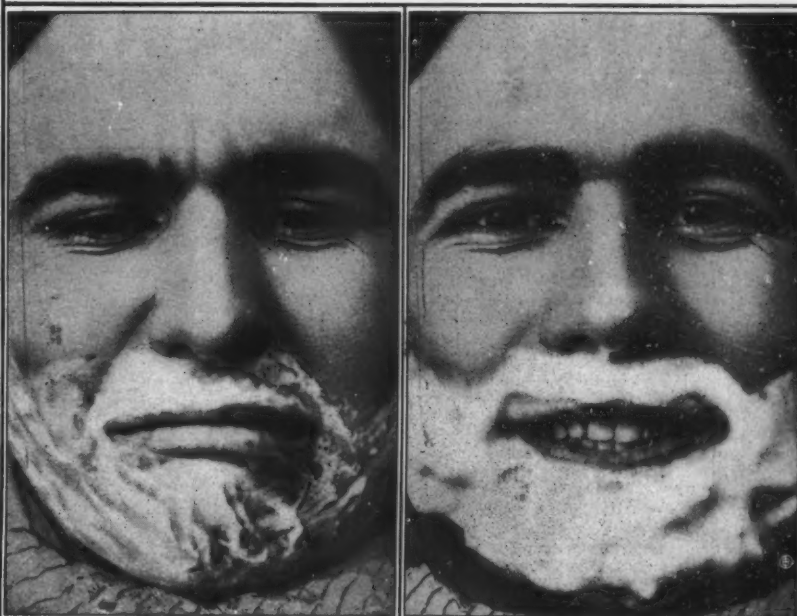
There are many attractive resorts in Colorado, some right in the heart of the Rockies, and others along the foot-hills. Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you a copy of our beautiful book, entitled, "Picturesque Colorado"? Send two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

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This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

It DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.

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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also

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—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press.*

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times.*

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Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times.*

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WHERE THE EFFORT LAY.

MIKE.—Is there much hard work in thim political jobs?

PAT.—Yis—it 's the har-rdest dom'd koind av work holding onto the job!

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—synonymous with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

No foreign substance enters into Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It's the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented.

"I WOULD like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table?
"Hey?" ejaculated the waiter, who was hard of hearing.
"No; straw, I said."
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a married woman does not tell of troubles she is compelled to endure, the other women believe she is suffering in secret. — *Atchison Globe.*

The Bicycle for Women

beyond a doubt is the STEARNS CUSHION FRAME BICYCLE. Many women dislike riding because of the jolting and jarring over rough places. The Cushion Frame device eliminates it and makes riding more pleasurable. Write for "The Wheel of Comfort," our illustrated circular.

E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A LONG JOURNEY.

"I notice that a New York man coughed up a carpet tack a few days ago."

"I suppose the story will be started that he sat down on it when a mere school-boy." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SHE.—The flag waist will be very popular this Summer.

HE.—And lots of the boys will rally round it. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

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Ladies' and Children's Plain Ribbed and Open-Work Lisle Thread and Silk Hosiery.
Men's Half-Hose,
Golf and Bicycle Hosiery.

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Be thankful if you are not loaning money;
be thankful if you are not borrowing.—*Atchison Globe.*

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M. F. Frame, Sole Agent, 11 Broadway, N. Y.



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A POOR OUTLOOK.

BROTHER SAM.—Ma wants yo' ter come home right away.

BROTHER PETE.—What fo'?

BROTHER SAM.—She tole me not to tell yer what fo' or yo' would n't come.

AN APT SCHOLAR.

FIRST BOSTON DAME.—And, so, Miss Beacon Hill married that New York man! To reform him, I suppose?

SECOND BOSTON DAME.—No; to teach him.

FIRST BOSTON DAME.—Has she been successful?

SECOND BOSTON DAME.—She has, indeed! Why, he has become so aesthetic and cultured that he has had to give up his business, and she now makes their living giving music lessons!

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE.

CASSTER.—Doctor, a year ago you predicted that I would n't live three months. You see you were wrong.

DOCTOR.—Never mind; better luck next time.



THE REGULAR THING.

COBBLE.—If Giltboy calls on you conceal your books.

STONE.—Is he a book-borrower?

COBBLE.—Rather. When I buy a new book, I always have to ask him if I can read it first.

AN EXPLANATION.

BROWN.—I could have pitched him out of the house!

JONES.—Why did n't you?

BROWN.—Well—er—because I could n't.

MOTIVE TO PURSUIT.

"Why do you pursue me, dog?" hissed Gerald.

"You're so foxy you remind me of an anise-bag!" retorted the detective, with a hellish leer.

TWO STEPS.

"When is their marriage to be solemnized?"

"As soon as it has been financed."

WE THANK the Lord ordinarily much as if He had merely passed us the butter.

OPPORTUNITY would have to advertise to attract the attention of some people.

A GOOD MANY of the doctors of divinity don't seem able to administer the right kind of medicine.

THE MAN who does n't know which side his bread is buttered on frequently finds that his next meal is a dry crust.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak

Simplicity and Kodak
Quality created the
standard by which all
cameras are measured.

That's why the clerk says: "It's as good as a Kodak," when trying to sell an inferior camera.

Kodaks \$5.00 to \$35.00.

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Rambler bicycles **know** they have received **more** for their investment than they could in any other way, in wheels.

PRICE \$40

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When you want to take it off the rim, you will need



no other tools than these.

is used to hold the DUNLOP DETACHABLE TIRE to the rim—it is held on by its own inflation and nothing can move it when you want it to stay there. No tearing off of valve stem—no chafing against the rim—none of the evils that are the results of cementing a tire to its rim is to be found in the DUNLOP.

It is supplied on 100 different makes of bicycles, and our booklet can be had of every dealer, or of us,

THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY,
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OLD OVERHOLT

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Mellow, Natural
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Unexcelled Railroad Service and New Boulevard Open to the Hotel. **New Golf Links.**
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For rooms or cottages apply
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A. E. DICK, Proprietor.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.
 VON BLUMER.—I am afraid we have n't much for dinner; but such as it is—
 CLINKER.—Don't make any excuses, old man. Remember that I have dined at
 your house before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We have yet to hear of a rider of the COLUMBIA BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS who would willingly give it up for any other wheel.



Direct testimony is always better than hearsay evidence. If you desire to know about Bevel-Gear Chainless bicycles, do not ask a person who has never ridden one, or is in any way connected with a manufacturer who does not make them. Inquire of riders of the Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless.

There are thousands of them throughout the country. They are to be met in every city, in almost every town of the United States — so popular has the machine become in the short space of a year and a half. There are reasons for this. The chainless is easier to take care of than the chain wheel. It has a longer life. Every ounce of power applied to the pedals is made effective. This last advantage over chain-driven wheels is apparent the moment you mount the machine. The Chainless seems to possess an activity and life of its own. You notice it in starting, stopping, back-pedaling, riding on levels and especially in ascending grades.

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Chain Wheels. Columbias, Hartfords and Vedettes. \$25 to \$50.

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IN KANSAS.

FIRST POPULIST.—We expelled the deacon from the party fer mixin' religion an' politics.
 SECOND POPULIST.—Mixin' religion an' politics?
 FIRST POPULIST.—Yes; he'd go to a political meetin' an' he'd fall asleep in the middle of a speech, b'gosh! jest like if it was a sermon.

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Three Castle Cigarettes

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EVERY circus man lays all his plans on the assumption that the people are chumps. Every circus man gets rich.
 —*Atchison Globe.*

CRIMSONBEAK.—There are just two times in a man's life when everything comes up before him.
 YEAST.—When are those times?
 CRIMSONBEAK.—One is when he is drowning, and the other is when he is crossing on an ocean steamer for the first time and wishes he could drown.
 —*Yonkers Statesman.*

BOKER'S BITTERS
 Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.

"In all the world no trip like this."

The Great Lakes Excursion, Buffalo — Duluth, and intervening Lakeside Cities and Resorts, offers more refreshment, rest, and recreation than can in any other way be crowded into Seven Days.

The exclusively passenger service of the
Northern Steamship Company

is immeasurably beyond anything ever before attempted on inland waters and is equaled only in some points by that of a few of the most famous ocean greyhounds. No other pleasure trip in the world would warrant the expenditure that has been lavished upon these triumphs of marine architecture.

"... alone in their perfection, the Great Lakes themselves are alone in their immensity."

But for this great pleasure voyage of 2000 miles — already the most popular and most talked-of excursion on the continent — nothing has been thought too luxurious or magnificent.

To avoid disappointment state-room reservations should be made early. June is one of the most delightful months on the Great Lakes.

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Popular Cocktails.

Purity, Perfect Distillation, Scientific Blending.

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 RHEINSTROM BROS.,
 Distillers and Exporters. Cincinnati

Ask your Dealer for the "Good Luck Flask."

EVERY ONE dislikes the man whose "intentions are good." —*Atchison Globe.*

Ralston Health Shoes
 For Men.

TRADE MARK

The principal feature of this shoe is comfort, and style is not neglected. Ask your dealer for them, or send to factory for a pair.

Price, \$4.00.
 RALSTON HEALTH SHOE MAKERS, Campello, Mass.

Extension of Limit on Excursion Tickets to Southern New Jersey Seashore Resorts via Pennsylvania Railroad (West Jersey & Seashore R. R.).

Beginning June 1 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will extend the limit on excursion tickets to the Southern New Jersey seashore resorts from ten days to fifteen days, including date of sale. This extension covers Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Stone Harbor, Anglesea, Holly Beach, Wildwood, Somers' Point, and all other resorts on the South Jersey coast reached via the West Jersey & Seashore Railroad, and applies to tickets from Philadelphia, Wilmington, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Wilkesbarre, Pottsville, Reading, Phillipsburg, New York, and intermediate stations.

This extension of limit, covering the usual two weeks' Summer vacation, will no doubt receive the hearty approval of business men, and others filling clerical positions.

The limit on excursion tickets reading from any of the above seashore points to Philadelphia will also be extended from ten days to fifteen days.



PARTING ADVICE.

Mrs. FARMER HAYRICK. — Now see here, Jonathan, when yew git to New York—if any of them Tammany raskils tries to sell yew any trolley-franchises or compressed-air stock or gas-house charters, yew jest tell 'em to go right 'long about their business.

FARMER HAYRICK. — Yis, Jonathan; and if ole Croker should git aholt uv yew and try and git yew to put up fer a Supreme Court jedgeship, or a ten-dollar-a-plate dinner, yew jest say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and run like the devil!